

(ORIGINAL.)

• WHEN'E'R I HEAR THY SIGH.

BY JAMES RISTING.

I stood beside a glassy lake,
The wings of day were closed,
While summer breezes whispering spake
Where'er the flowers reposed.
I watched the waves as far and near
They rose upon the stream,
And saw on each, reflected clear,
A pure and radiant beam.

The ripples bound in bliss along
Before the evening air,
And I was joyed to hear its song,
While playfully floating there.
But when it softly died away,
The wavelets sunk to sleep:
Nor glimmered on their brows a ray
From heaven's starry deep.

Thus, when I hear thy burning sigh,
My soul in rapture swells,
And mirrored on it gracefully,
Thine eye of beauty dwells;
But when each smile of love has gone,
Like evening breeze away,
O, sullen cares usurp the throne
Where sat affection's ray!

(ORIGINAL.)

WHO WAS THE THIEF?

A TALE OF ENGLISH FACTORY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

IN the county of Staffordshire, only about one hundred and fifty miles from London, is the manufacturing town of Leek. It is a place of some antiquity, delightfully situated; occupying the summit and declivities of a beautiful eminence above the River Chumet. The manufactures of Leek are partly of sewing silks, shawls and ribbons; but women and children are employed mostly upon the Florentine buttons, which form a large portion of the trade carried on with the London market. In this department, in the year 1839, were employed the entire family of Peter Ashcroft, a man who had unfortunately been crippled by the falling of some heavy machinery, and who now depended solely on the exertions of his wife and children for his support.

Milicent Ashcroft, a girl of sixteen, was the eldest of this family. The rest were mere children at the time of the accident, but were capable of being employed upon the buttons, excepting the youngest, little Grace, who seemed too spiritual ever to take any part in the affairs of

earth. The mother—a delicate, pretty woman, went cheerfully to her task every day, leaving her crippled husband with only little Grace for company—glad that she could be near her children, to guard them from any contaminating influences that might assail them at a place so full of different associations to those with which she had hoped to surround them.

Previous to the accident, she had wisely sheltered her little flock from contact with the strangely mixed up population of a manufacturing town. Her husband had been employed at the factories, it was true—but his was a refined nature, that shrank from the mass of his companions, and only clung to those who were nearer his own stamp.

It was the most painful moment of his life, when he saw his gentle and delicate wife preparing to leave the house, with three of her children, to go among the people he had shunned. But gentle as she truly was, she was still strong in her views of right, and would have gone to the stake, had she conceived that her duty demanded it.

Daily was her strong soul shaken by the sight of her once upright and noble-looking husband, tied down, hands and feet, by the terrible misfortune that had almost destroyed him. It was a d to leave him alone, too, but money must be had, and then it was so much better that the children should have her protecting presence. So the invalid was placed every morning in a chair, the mechanism of which just suited his infirmity, and, with books and papers around him—of which they always provided a good supply—and a few flowers on the table before him, he managed to pass the hours until they returned from the factory.

Sitting in this way, one evening, with the head of little Grace lying on his shoulder, to which she had managed to climb, and where she was quietly sleeping, he was startled by the quick and hurried entrance of his wife, followed by Milicent and the two younger boys, Harry and Mark. The father who was always impatient to welcome them all, looked round for Richard, the eldest son. He did not come into the house, and Mr. Ashcroft heard the suppressed whispers at the door, that sounded like his boy's name anxiously repeated by the mother. She came in at length with a pale face, and an evident struggle at composure.

"Sit down here, wife," was his greeting. "Something has gone wrong, which you are cruelly kind enough to keep from me. Let me hear what it is. Trouble grows smaller when it is divided."

He strove to lay the withered fingers upon her arm, as he spoke, but even that was beyond his power; and looking at him in his weakness and decrepitude, she shrunk from imparting any additional pang to his heart. He would not be put off. He must know all; and that "all" was soon told; and though told in the tenderest and most considerate manner, it required all the fortitude of a brave heart to meet it. Richard had been accused of theft, and was under arrest; and this night—the first ever spent from under their own roof—would be passed in a prison. Several large and valuable packages of buttons had been missing from a room to which the foreman of the establishment had kept the key, and to which he had often sent Richard Ashcroft, but no one else. Suspicion, therefore, had fastened upon the boy, and he was taken away amidst the cries of his little brothers and the silent anguish of his mother and Milicent.

To tell the invalid this miserable story, was now Mrs. Ashcroft's painful task. Never before had she experienced anything like this. The afflictions she had borne had not touched reputation, though they had sorely touched her heart; but this had wounded her in a way that no balm could ever reach. Her Richard, he to whom she had looked as to her daughter's protector, and the sole hope of the family; how could she bear to think that the breath of suspicion had ever been attached to him, blighting his young days and casting a shadow over them all! Not that she believed for a moment that Richard could be guilty—but how to prove him innocent?

It was the first night that the poor boy had ever lain down in his bed without the prayerful blessing of his mother breathed over his pillow. What must it be to him now, to hear perhaps, only the oaths and imprecations of the prisoners, old and hardened offenders, doubtless? In thoughts like these, a terrible night was passed, and the morning found them still weeping. Mrs. Ashcroft and Milicent were really too ill to go out, but as soon as she thought the proprietor of the factory was at his counting-room, the former went thither and related what had passed the day before, when he had gone away.

Mr. Fenton was a benevolent man at heart, but he had a hard exterior, and his first exclamation, "Poh! what a fuss about a boy like him! Why, half the boys there have been taken up at some time or other, for pilfering!"

The mother fairly gasped for breath. "Good Heavens! Mr. Fenton, have I brought my innocent boys into contact with such beings?"

"It seems you have, ma'am, and it seems they take to it naturally like the rest." Then

seeing her anguish, he altered his tone and said: "Seriously, madam, it is not so terrible as you think. They generally confess and restore the goods, and being but lads, and with more than ordinary temptation before them to this fault, we overlook it and take them back after a short punishment."

Mrs. Ashcroft was inexpressibly shocked. "I beseech you, Mr. Fenton, to investigate this affair. Do not let the innocent suffer for the guilty. My child never took the buttons. Some one else must have done it. O, believe me, Richard is innocent."

He was touched by her grief. "Be assured that your boy shall have justice," he said. "Everything shall be searched into, and if possible, he shall be cleared."

With this, she was obliged to be content; and she returned to give this small crumb of comfort to poor Milicent and her father.

While she was absent, the father and daughter had been striving mutually to give each other the strength they needed, and to devise some means of clearing the poor boy from this aspersion. Already they had been obliged to submit to a search warrant in the house; but, as nothing could be found, the officers had departed before Mrs. Ashcroft's return.

Two or three weeks passed away, and Richard, against whom circumstantial evidence had fully prevailed, was sentenced to prison for stealing. The family at home were in the deepest distress, relieved only by one thought—that of Richard's innocence. Mrs. Ashcroft and the children had refused to go to the factory to work, and they were living now upon former earnings. They rarely went out; and were only waiting for the boy's term of punishment to expire, when it was their intention to remove to a distant country, far away from Staffordshire, they cared not whither.

Milicent's health failed under her grief and the close confinement of the house, and her mother persuaded her to go out one morning, and visit a very poor family to whom she had always been kind. She went reluctantly, for she could not bear to be seen out. This morning, she took a by-path, and on arriving at the neighborhood she intended to visit, she saw a number of little children at play. Even their innocent mirth seemed mockery to her, for was not Richard locked up in a dreary prison, while they were not more guiltless than he?

In passing the group, however, her eye was caught by a necklace that was worn around the neck of a pretty little girl. If her eyes did not deceive her, it was composed of the peculiar Florentine buttons, such as had wrought all their

misery. She stopped and examined it; and the eager and gratified children brought her a large quantity of the same sort, of which they were manufacturing more necklaces.

"Where do you get these?" she asked, kindly.

"O, we dug them up over there, in Mr. Overton's garden, this morning. There are plenty more there. Do you want some?"

For a moment, Millicent's brain reeled. Mr. Overton was the foreman who had accused her brother!

"Stay here, until I come back," she said, and made her way back to the nearest magistrate, who accompanied her to the spot immediately. The precise number of packages were found that were missing. They were in a tin box to protect them from dampness; and the children had been attracted to the spot by the appearance of the earth having been recently dug up, and the sight of a small spade induced them to try it.

Overton lived alone. He was a surly, morose being, and when at home, was apt to drive away the neighboring children; but when he was at the factory, they generally enjoyed his garden, although they had never before attempted to appropriate anything. But the buried buttons were irresistible; and their childish fancies could find no way of using such a quantity, save by stringing them like beads.

One neighbor, too, spoke of seeing Overton digging in that very spot, on the night of Richard Ashcroft's arrest; but it did not then awaken any suspicion in his mind, nor did he ever think of it again, until the affair of the morning was related to him.

Overton was arrested immediately, and Richard discharged. It was at the very hour when the button-makers were dismissed for the noon meal; and the bell rang in vain for their return. They were crowding around Richard, and finally bore him to his home in triumph. Something in the shut windows and closed curtains of the house prevented their going farther, and the boy, waving his hand to them in token of the thanks which he could not speak for tears, he entered and shut the door, amidst their loud and joyful cheers.

Overton had grown rich by petty pilferings which had never been discovered. This time his avarice had outrun his discretion, and he had endeavored to fasten his guilt upon the poor boy, whom he had sent into the room for that purpose.

"Shall we go to the factory again, Richard?" asked his mother, as he came eager and panting, into the house, a few mornings after.

"The boys and I must; but you shall not,

nor Millicent either. You shall both stay at home and take care of father. See! what Mr. Fenton has this morning given me?"

And the boy held out a deed for the prettiest little cottage and garden in the outskirts of Leek, and an order on a manufacturer to furnish it throughout, and also to tax his ingenuity for a bed and chair that should be especially adapted to an invalid, for the use of Mr. Ashcroft.

"There, father," said Richard, "Mr. Fenton says he thinks this is but a small return for all the trouble that we have had; so you see, he is tender-hearted, after all that we have said about his being so stern."

Behold, then, the Ashcrofts settled in their new abode, away from the smoke and din of the factories—Richard and the two boys walking over to their work every morning before sunrise, and Mrs. Ashcroft and Millicent employed fully in sorting and placing the buttons at home. Mr. Fenton proved a firm friend to the family, and Richard is now foreman to the establishment, from which he was driven in disgrace twenty years ago.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the *Utica Herald*, thus describes the river Jordan:

"A line of green, low forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy, that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at that moment of its revelation to my longing eyes the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land. Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks, as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itsself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea."

CHIDING.

But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient. SHAKESPEARE.

(ORIGINAL.)

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY LILLIE MORSE.

And now, when the day is dismal and droning,
And the winds and the rain on my window are moaning,
All alone, all alone, with the dreams of the past—
And the lone fly hums while my heart beats fast—
I trembling unreal the long, long skein,
And back I float to my youth again.

On the streams of the past am I now gaily riding,
And along by the shores of my childhood am gliding;
My heart beats fast, for sweet Kitty is there,
With the coinlike wealth of her golden hair:
And her eyes yet smile with the orient gleam
Of the sun-rays on a purple stream.

The young Hebe and I—O, again we're a-roaming
With a basket and rod where the blue waves are foaming,
And the mulberries hang with berries ripe red
On the rocks that shelve o'er the brooklet's bed:
And her tiny brown hands she makes in a dish,
To hold, while I string the gay, shiny fish;

And her bare little feet o'er the gold sands are straying,
And the cool loving waves around them are playing.
O, how I envied the waters their bliss,
Those rose-tinted feet so freely to kiss:
And I wondered the bees came not to her lip,
For redder or sweeter they never could sip!

Then while the sun with his yellow robes flowing,
Trailed o'er the hills and the cornfields a-growing,
She laid down her head 'neath the emerald screen
Of leaf and vine in an arbor green;
And slept 'mong the grass like an evening flower,
While I watched by her side till the sunset hour.

(ORIGINAL.)

PARTED AND UNITED.

BY J. OAKES SIMMS.

A BEAUTIFUL little cottage, surrounded by rich vines and standing almost at the entrance of a long grove of olives, was, in 1512, the abode of Ludovico Monaldi and his beautiful wife, Caterina. It was the sweetest situation in all Tuscany. Everything that art could do to sustain and embellish nature, had been gathered there by Monaldi, to make a residence fit for the wife he had chosen. Here they nestled, almost in the heart of the olive woods; and, in their peaceful retirement, they seemed scarcely to hear the distant hum of that terrible roar of warfare and destruction which the Spanish rule was inflicting upon that unhappy land. Day by day, Ludovico lingered in his beautiful home, dwelling secretly upon his country's wrongs, yet dreading to break the silken chain which bound him there. His life was like a fairy dream,

and Caterina was his queen—nay more, his angel. While he tended his own vines and gathered his olives, Caterina hovered around his steps, bearing the light burdens which he would playfully toss to her, and which he would afterwards snatch away, fearful that her delicate arms and hands would be injured.

Towards the end of that terrible year, some wayfarer would occasionally seek shelter in the cottage, from those terrific storms of thunder and lightning, that seemed as if Heaven was pouring down its holy indignation upon the outrages committed in that wretched domain now prostrated by the Spanish oppressors. From the lips of these wanderers, Ludovico sometimes learned what was going on outside of his quiet premises. His blood fired at the thought—but still he could not endure the idea of leaving his sole treasure, even for his country. Besides, it seemed so hopeless—so utterly vain, to take up arms against such fearful odds.

One night, a weary traveller dragged his tired limbs to his door. Caterina brought him fresh garments, and spread a little table with bread, grapes and wine, for his refreshment. After he had rested—for, at first, his weariness prevented him from speaking—he told his kind hosts that he had been pursued by some Spanish soldiers, almost to the edge of the wood; and that only the fearful flashes of lightning glaring upon their weapons had kept them from entering it. They had already destroyed his home, killed his only relative, an uncle, whom he supported in his extreme old age, and a faithful servant who had carefully tended the old man.

While he was yet speaking, a rustling was heard among the vines, and two ferocious-looking Spaniards presented themselves, followed by eight or ten others. They seized the affrighted stranger, threw him upon the floor, and bound him with strong cords.

"For the love of Heaven, release him!" said the beseeching voice of Caterina. One of the soldiers who seemed the head of the party, turned his bold, fiery glances upon the beautiful woman who was kneeling beside the stranger. She shrunk away and took refuge by her husband, who until this moment had been intently occupied with the scene before him. Her frightened movement startled him; and, when the Spaniards were busy with their victim whom they denounced as a spy, he signed to Caterina to go into another room. But she would not leave his side. Clinging to him with all her strength, she entreated him in a low whisper, to fly from the fate that seemed to await them both, and drew him almost to the door.

"Dog of an Italian?" thundered the man who commanded the band. "Do you think to escape me? No; you shall share the fate of this villain, for attempting to harbor a spy."

It was vain to resist against a band of desperadoes like these. They tore Ludovico from the convulsive grasp of his wife, leaving her fainting upon the floor, mercifully unconscious of her misery. The soldiers bound him to the miserable man beside him, and drove the two, like animals, before them along the road that led from the dwelling of Monaldi.

Caterina awoke from her long trance after many hours, and found herself in a carriage, with the Spaniard by her side. Grief, horror and despair were depicted upon that young and beautiful face, as she lifted it towards the dark and scornful brow of her companion. As he turned and beheld her rising color, and the frantic effort she was making to free herself from the carriage, he laughed aloud.

"Do you think to escape Juan de Guzman, lady?" he asked. "Know that you are my prisoner. But be reasonable and quiet, and you shall be my queen."

"Where is my husband?" she demanded.

"Husband! do you call a fellow like that, your husband? Hush!" he continued, as her cries and shrieks increased. "Such sounds do not please my ear, even when they come from rosy lips like yours."

Caterina bowed her head upon her hands and wept silently. So young and yet so wretched! Her whole soul was concentrated in one thought, that of flying to meet her husband. Yet how to circumvent that embodied pride, haughtiness and sensuality, was past the art of the young and unsophisticated girl-wife. Alas! she had nothing to do but submit to her destiny, whatever it might be. She spoke not again, until she found herself on the frontier of Parma.

We pass over seven terrible years. Five of these years Ludovico Monaldi had remained in captivity to the Spaniards. During that time, one continued scene of war, rapine and bloodshed had desecrated Florence and Prato; and the Cardinal de Medici looked on without attempting to restrain the terrific acts of the cruel bloodhounds let loose over these unhappy lands. A writer, speaking of that period, says: "Any eye that has once seen, any heart that has ever felt the native beauties of Florence; her gorgeous temples; her time-worn battlements—her busy suburbs again stretching their snowy arms along the plain; the plain itself, wide-spreading and

sparkling with innumerable villas, with frequent palaces, churches and convents; with hamlets, villages and far-distant towns; a garden rich in corn, in olives and in wine, and bounded by its many-colored hills, all equally embellished by the hand of taste, industry and refinement—he who has once seen this, may conceive what a glorious prize presented itself to the gaze of those rapacious hordes who, under the name of soldiers, once ravaged and defaced it! And how sad the contrast when departed freedom cast a lingering glance over this scene of desolation, and sighed to think that all was vainly suffered in her cause!"

Yes! seven fearful years had the poor Caterina been the slave to her Spanish master. All the delicate and precious refinements of her sex had been disregarded by him. He had been her task-master—her overseer, as well as her exacting lover. Wrapt in his haughty pride, he had sometimes derided her, sometimes taunted her with fiendish malice, for living in disobedience to her marriage vows! as if the poor trembling bird that has fallen into the fowler's snare, could free itself if it would. Habited as a page, she waited on him day and night, subject to all his whims and caprices. If a tear dimmed her eye, he would brutally strike her, forgetting that proud dignity which every Spaniard either possesses or affects.

Hitherto, she had been closely watched to prevent her from attempting flight; but as Don Juan grew more attached to the pleasures of the table, indulging in wine to excess, he became more careless in watching. Indeed, he believed her spirit too broken and subdued to attempt it. He was mistaken. Beneath that calm exterior, an inward fire was burning fiercely, and was yet to burst out into inextinguishable flames. They were quartered at Parma, on the very confines of Tuscany, and Caterina's heart was breaking to cross the bounds. She was still uncertain of her husband's fate. For aught she knew, he was dead, or lingering out his miserable days in captivity.

One night, when her tyrant was slightly overcome with the unusual amount of wine he had taken, she rose from her unquiet slumber. Her thoughts in sleep had been with Ludovico, and, in her waking moments, the impression still remained. Freedom! freedom from this life, even if it be by death. She cast a glance around the apartment. The open door showed her tyrant asleep, his sword still lying as he had placed it across his bed. All the servants, and Don Juan's own body-guard were lying on the ground at the

front entrance of the dwelling, chosen by her tyrant as his temporary quarters. There was another entrance leading from the frontier side of Tuscany; and this way lay the stables.

Caterina drew near the bed, seized the heavy sword, almost too ponderous for the white and delicate hand that lifted it. With a strength born of desperation, she plunged it into the warm and beating heart. Not a groan escaped him. One moment she gazed upon the face, and knew that he was dead, from the perfect stillness of every muscle. A purse lay beneath the pillow, and she took it without scruple. It was full of golden florins. Concealing this in some portion of her page's dress, she proceeded softly to the stables and selected the fleetest charger—Don Juan's own favorite. She lifted her tiny figure till her lips reached his ear, and it seemed as if the intelligent animal almost knew the words she uttered; for, instead of his usual rapid trampling, he stepped softly and rubbed his head against her shoulder in token of his affection. Pating the beautiful head in return for his mute caress, she leaped lightly to the saddle and was off toward the frontier.

One of the soldiers started as the horse's heel struck a stone, opened his eyes, muttered a deep curse, and turned himself again to his slumber; and then all was quiet and undisturbed, until the morning light brought the certainty of the last night's work. Pursuit was useless. No one knew who was the missing page, nor what country was his home; nor had any suspicion of his sex been entertained by any of the chief's followers.

Meantime, the lovely Italian moon was sweetly lighting Caterina on to her destination. The sense of freedom was almost delicious enough to cover the fear of pursuit; delicious enough, at least, to drown any feeling of remorse for the deed that had secured that freedom. Her first thought was to bury herself in some secluded spot among the Alpine solitudes, and spend the rest of her days in penance for her crime. But the longing, yearning desire to behold again the scene of her youthful happiness, and to know what had become of her husband, impelled her on toward her home.

She had provided herself at a small village with a suit of woman's apparel and a side-saddle; but finding that she attracted too much attention, she purchased a light carriage, and hired a stout Tuscan to drive, while her own horse was also harnessed with the other. It was at the close of the third day, that she alighted at the door of a small inn, scarcely a stone's throw from the olive grove that surrounded her former dwelling.

Ordering the driver to put up the tired horses, she set out on foot to the cottage. The long Italian twilight had almost merged itself into darkness, as she stole softly up the pathway which was lined on both sides with Provence roses and mignonette. They were her favorites; and as the well-remembered fragrance came wafting to her senses, she felt almost as if it were an earnest of the sweet forgiveness that might come, even to her.

She paused as the fragrant scent came by, and asked herself if she could bear to know that Ludovico had never returned from that long captivity? if, indeed, she could bear to see others occupying that beloved home? They were hard questions; and to avoid them, she half-staggered up the pathway toward a little wing that had been built for her especial use as a painting room; for Caterina was an artist of no mean pretensions. There was a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling, and, by its light a man sat reading. His hair, where it caught the light, was quite gray; and the shoulders were bent and stooping. Yet something in the figure appealed to her memory like one she had seen; and, gently opening the latticed window, she stepped in. Her movement was so light that it did not disturb the occupant of the room, until she passed directly before him. Could this be Ludovico? this man, he whom she had left in the full flush of youth and health? Was he indeed changed into this old gray-haired man? She fell on her knees, trembling in every fibre. One word only quivered on her pale lips ere she became insensible—the word *forgive!*

Then, all at once, Ludovico knew that his strange guest was the beloved—the long lost. Here, in her own room, he had watched her picture, her books, her easel on which a half-finished painting still remained as when she left it seven years ago. Here he had kept nightly vigil, living over again the terrible scenes of the past. And here, when she was restored by his loving cares, to life and consciousness, and had told him all that she had so deeply suffered, and then how and why she had sinned, he took her to his true heart, and breathed a fervent prayer that she might be spared to bless his future as she had the past—that both might forget those long, dark years, and live and die together.

Another seven years—and Ludovico and Caterina have both embraced the principles of the great Reformer. Amidst the troublous times that afterwards fell upon Italy, they kept their simple faith pure and unswayed. Ludovico's prayer was answered. They lived on to extreme old age, and died almost at the same hour.

THE LORELEI.

BY HENRY MEINE.

I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught;
Tis a tale of the olden ages,
That will not from my thought.
The air grows cool and darkles;
The Rhine flows calmly on;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.
With a comb of gold she combs it;
And combing, low singeth she
A song of strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him—
He only looks on high.
Ah, round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down;
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

[ORIGINAL.]

WALNUTS.

BY LEONARD A. STUDLEY.

"ONE little son, sir—one little son—for the
holy virgin's sake, one little son!"

Though begging is strictly prohibited in the
streets of Paris, importunate addresses like the
above, are nevertheless of very common occur-
rence. Uncouth, outlandish, whining sounds
they are, pitched in a high treble key, and always
confined to the modest demand of a single son,
and that a "little" one.

It is the little Savoyards to whom I allude;
they who come all the way from their native
mountains, while mere children, to seek their for-
tunes, and furnish the great metropolis with
chimney-sweeps, errand-boys, shoe-blacks, etc.,
and eventually water-carriers, street porters, and
the like. And they are not singular, by the way,
with their "little" son. The word is one to
which the French, or at all events the Parisians,
seem particularly partial. The first time I ever
entered a Gallic omnibus, I was soon followed
by an enormously fat woman, a perfect Falstaff
in petticoats, who meekly presented herself at
the door, and asked for *une petite place*—a little
place among us! And an old gentleman in the
next street begged permission to bring a little dog
with him—a Newfoundlander, as big as a calf!

But those juvenile Savoyards, though satisfied
with little sons, are sturdy little beggars, never-
theless. They run along by the side of the
trottoir, with one eye fixed upon you, and the
other roving about in search of a policeman. At
the first glimpse of one, though half a mile
away, the little fellow is off in a jiffy.

One day, during my sojourn in Paris, as I was
returning to my lodgings, I heard the above oft-
repeated petition, and paid but little attention to
it, till I heard one of the Savoyards ask for a
"little son for little *tete-creuse*"—little "hollow-
head." This epithet and this demand were
something new to me. Applications for some-
thing to fill hollow *stomachs* were common enough,
but begging for means to supply the deficiencies
of empty *heads*, was certainly a novelty.

"What do you mean by 'hollow head'?"
asked I, of the Savoyards.

"There he is," replied the boys, pointing to a
poor little atom of humanity, who was trotting
along with them, and finding it a difficult thing
to keep up.

To have called him "hollow stomach" would
have been no misnomer, certainly; for the poor
boy was manifestly half starved. Thin and pale
as he was, however, he was singularly beautiful.
Nothing could exceed the dazzling purity of his
skin, and the delicate chiselling of his classic
features. And his eyes—his great, black, dreamy
eyes—a nervous person would have been fright-
ened, and a tender-hearted person might have
wept at beholding them—so strange, and wierd,
and wild they looked, and yet, so ineffably
mournful. Yet, much as they expressed, there
was a sad want of expression there; and where
all else was so bright, it was a melancholy thing
to see the Promethean spark of intellect was
either wanting altogether, or so dimmed and
blurred as to make its existence doubtful. And
yet, this very defect, accompanied as it was by so
much that was attractive, appealed most power-
fully to all active human sympathies.

"Where did he come from?" asked I, of the
vagabond Savoyards.

"From the clouds," replied promptly and
confidently, a little fellow very nearly the boy's
own age, who had lately become the proud pos-
sessor of all the stock in trade necessary for the
establishment in business of an itinerant shoe-
black.

"And what makes you think he came from
the clouds?" inquired I.

"Because we saw him on the Pont Neuf just
after it began to rain, and some little frogs with
him, and neither him nor the frogs was there
before."

"Very conclusively reasoned, indeed, my little man. And so you think it rains little frogs and little boys on the Pont Neuf, do you?"

"I've seen showers of frogs more'n once, but I never saw it rain boys before."

"And how long has it been since little 'hollow-head' came down?"

"It's almost two weeks."

"And what does he do for a living?"

"He eats bread, cheese and grapes."

"But where does he get those articles?"

"He takes little sous and buys 'em."

"But where does he get the sous?"

"We gives 'em to him."

It was true. These little vagabonds had worked and begged for him as they did for themselves. They might not have continued it very long, but such acts are not unusual among the members of this juvenile fraternity; the new-boys of Paris—"only more so."

I took the whole gang into a café, and asked them what they would have to eat. One said *flutes*, another a *bavaroise*; one fellow wanted an *omelette soufflée*, and another a *paté de foie gras*! These two last epicures were not gratified, but most of them were supplied with the dainties they asked for, and which they had often heard of, but never seen. Though I made very minute inquiries, they could tell me nothing more of their little cloud-born foundling. Nor could he give any account of himself.

"Can't he speak at all?" I asked.

"No, monsieur; but he says some sort of gibberish to himself sometimes."

I had thought from the first that he looked very much like an English boy, so I tried him with my own language. He started at what was evidently a familiar sound, gazed earnestly at me, and for the first time smiled. This sudden, solitary smile, was one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most melancholy sights I ever beheld. It was like a rainbow spanning the storm-cloud's gloomy crest. The poor child spoke a few words of English, but there was little connection or meaning in them. All the information I could gain from what he said, was that his Christian name was probably Arthur, and that was only an inference. The poor boy's head was truly a hollow one. And yet, it was a noble-looking head, and as far in appearance from an idiot's as could well be imagined. The jewel had somehow been stolen away, but the casket that remained was a fitting envelope for the rarest of diamonds. It was an admirably formed head, as well as a most beautiful one.

I tried for a long time, but could get nothing more out of him. As I have already remarked,

he looked like an English boy, and the presumption thus created was confirmed by his tongue. I do not refer to the mere fact of his speaking English words. He might do that, and be an American. I mean that his accent, his mode of pronunciation, proved him to be English of England, and not American. A practised ear easily detects the ear-marks, or rather the tongue-marks, which distinguish the one from the other.

I was going to England soon, and I determined to take the little fellow with me, and try to get him a place where he might be properly taken care of. I therefore took him home with me, and had him bathed and washed, and properly clothed. The clothes he had on were coarse and ragged. In a few weeks I left for England, but in that time the poor little foundling had so won upon my affections that I could not bear the thought of being separated from him. He was so handsome, so docile, so affectionate, that he stole into my heart before I was aware of it, and became fixed so firmly there, that I could not have dislodged him without greatly lacerating it. The very infirmity of the poor boy endeared him to me. He was utterly alone, and utterly helpless, and his magnificent though vacant eyes appealed to my sympathies more powerfully than if they had been sparkling with the highest order of intelligence.

Good feeding and careful nurture soon made his pale cheeks round and rosy, and heightened his wonderful beauty. But the strange, wild, melancholy air, which had so attracted me at our first interview, was in no way subdued. Few could look at him without some feelings of pity, some kindly yearning struggling within them. He could not be termed an idiot, and there were indeed moments when it seemed almost as if the truant intellect might be lured back to the tenement which I felt sure it must once have inhabited. But I learned eventually that all such hopes were futile. Some fitful flashes of mental electricity were occasionally visible, but they indicated only a casual and momentary reunion, from some accidental cause, of the intellectual circuit, which seemed hopelessly broken.

The adopting and rearing of such a child may seem an uninviting task. It would certainly be a melancholy one, but melancholy things are not always unattractive, and there was much more of a pleasing than a painful nature in all that related to this singular boy. At all events, I loved him. If he had been as wise as the most knowing of infant prodigies, I could not have loved him more. Having decided to retain possession of the child, unless he should be claimed by his relatives, one of the first things I did when I ar-

rived in London, was to look out for a suitable person to take care of him. Having spoken about it to the landlord of the hotel at which I stayed, he made some inquiries, and the next morning introduced to me a middle-aged woman, who appeared to me to be well qualified for the situation. I eventually agreed to take her on trial for a few weeks, and at the end of that time to employ her permanently, if she suited me. She came the next day.

The evening of the day I engaged her, little Arthur happened to hear the word *walnuts* pronounced, and I was surprised at the emphatic manner in which he repeated it, calling it over perhaps a dozen times. It seemed, too, to remain in his memory, and every now and then he would say softly to himself "*Walnuts*." I immediately sent for a plate of walnuts, and offered them to the boy. He ate one or two, but paid little attention to them, and still from time to time whispered "*walnuts*." He seemed after a while to have forgotten the word, but when I again pronounced it in his presence, it again attracted his attention, and it was easy to see that it had some peculiar significance for him.

What could be the reason? Why should the word *walnut* interest him more than another? The problem was a knotty one, and I puzzled over it a good deal, for I thought it possible that some clue to the little fellow's origin might lie hid within it. I tried him with all sorts of walnuts, but I soon saw it was none of them that he referred to. And if he didn't mean *walnuts* by *walnuts*, what did he mean?

The woman I had engaged—the very respectable looking Mrs. Jones—was punctual to her engagement, and was installed in suitable apartments. She seemed to be an intelligent and judicious woman, and her conversation pleased me very much. The second day after her arrival, Mrs. Jones took little Arthur out for a walk in the park, and never came back again. I inquired about her friends and her previous history, but all I could learn was, that she had lived awhile with a sister of the landlord's, and borne a good character while with her.

It was a matter of astonishment, even to myself, how keenly I felt this occurrence. I traversed every quarter of London, and a goodly portion of Great Britain, and spent more money than I could well afford, in searchings and advertisements—and all to no purpose. With a heavy heart I returned to America. Many and many a time I thought of the poor little mindless boy, and wondered what could have become of him. It required many new impressions to obscure my remembrance of him.

After the lapse of four years, I made a second visit to England. In London I put up at the same hotel as before, and was welcomed by the same landlord. The circumstances vividly recalled poor little Arthur to my mind, and the abrupt and unpleasant termination of my adventure. I thought of the child and his probable fate continually.

One day I saw in the Times newspaper, an advertisement for a number of servants for the country establishment of Sir Charles Willoughby, of *Walnuts*, Devonshire. *Walnuts*! The moment my eye lit upon the word, it seemed to run through my whole system like an electric shock, and from that instant I felt a conviction—blind, baseless, ridiculous, if you will, but for all that as strong as adamant—that this Devonshire *Walnuts* had something to do with my poor, lost Arthur. Here the poor child had disappeared like the morning dew, leaving no trace behind him—and here I believed I had found a clue, which, if rightly followed up, would eventually enable me to find him.

Sir Charles Willoughby, in person, was to be found at Morley's hotel, Trafalgar Square, where candidates for places were directed to apply. I felt an intense desire to see what manner of man this Devonshire baronet was, and I took the only course I could think of which would enable me to see and converse with him. I metamorphosed myself into an English footman, and called at Morley's to solicit employment.

Though it were never so true that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, it would remain equally true, that in spite of all the tongue can do, the face will often prove a tell-tale. It is one of nature's never-failing laws, that bad passions, long indulged, will set their seal upon the human countenance. It was so with Sir Charles Willoughby, and no amount of dissimulation on his part could persuade the shrewd observer that he was anything else but a heartless, unprincipled, bold, bad man. He was not past the middle age, and he was remarkably handsome and ceremoniously polite. But about his full red lip, and upon his smooth, white brow, and in his bright, black eye, lurked characters, not hard to decipher, which when put together, spelled a word that looked less like man than devil.

These observations I made while Sir Charles was examining me and my credentials, and so fully convinced was I of their truth, and so greatly did they increase the suspicions I had already conceived, that I at once formed the resolution of carrying my masquerade much further than I had originally intended; and when

the baronet signified his willingness to employ me, I immediately closed with the offer, and left the room an engaged footman. Three days afterwards, with half a dozen fellow-menials in livery, I accompanied my master into Devonshire. We found that "Walnuts" was not named without a reason. The groves of fine old walnut trees in the park could not be surpassed in Britain. "Walnuts" was a fine old manorial residence, a part of which was very old indeed, and almost in ruins. As a matter of course, these antiquated apartments had their ghosts, and this was said to be the reason why the servants were so frequently changed. With one exception, there was not a servant in the house who had been there more than one year. This was Ratcliffe, the valet of Sir Charles. He was a taciturn man, about forty years of age, and anything but a favorite with the servants. He had lived with his present master, no one knew how long. My first object was to get some knowledge of their family history. For this purpose, I was obliged to make inquiries out of the house. Ratcliffe was the only one of the servants who knew anything, and the idea of undertaking to "pump" him was utterly preposterous. The little I could learn was not of a very satisfactory nature. I was interested, however, in hearing that the name of the last baronet was Arthur, and that he was the elder brother of Sir Charles. He had married and gone to Italy, where he perished with his wife and child—it was supposed of an epidemic fever. It was at his death, that Sir Charles succeeded to the estate and title. His youth had been a very wild one.

I had been some weeks in gleaning this information, and was now turning my attention to the exploration of the old part of the house, and unless something encouraging should occur within a few days, I was resolved to throw up my commission. None of my fellow-servants, except Ratcliffe, dared to go near the old wing at night. Various ghostly sights and sounds were, by common rumor, connected with these ancient rooms and corridors. But the chief one among the ghosts was a female figure, robed in white, which walked there between midnight and morning. It was popularly supposed to be the departed spirit of a certain heiress of the Willoughbys, who, years ago, had gone mad and killed herself—"all for love."

To most of the upper rooms of the old wing I had no difficulty in gaining access, but the main corridor, which communicated with the apartments on the ground floor of this portion of the house, was always locked. To the door of this passage, however, I had obtained a key, and was determined to use it. The night after I got

hold of it, I waited until the house was quiet, and then rose and made for the haunted corridor. There was a bright moon, and I thought it best to take no light. I was always armed. My key answered the purpose admirably, and in a few minutes I was within the much-dreaded passage. I advanced cautiously, peering into all the rooms, right and left. Presently I came to a staircase, which I ascended, but was stopped by a door, locked and barred. This door opened in the direction of Sir Charles's own private apartments. Descending, I continued to advance till I reached the end of the passage, or at least, a door which stopped my further progress. I could do nothing but turn back, which I did unwillingly, and ill-pleased with the unproductiveness of my essay. I had retraced my steps nearly half way, when a slight noise behind me, caused me to wheel about precipitately. I saw nobody, but there was a light shining through one of the doors behind me, and I thought I also heard a slight rustling, as of some one moving. There was an open door close beside me. I popped into the room to which it belonged, and ensconced myself behind the door, where I could peep out into the passage. I had hardly done so, when a tall, white figure emerged from the door through which I had seen the light shining.

That this was the ghost I had no doubt, and that it was not a ghost I had just as little. It stalked slowly towards me with a lighted taper in its hand. As it came nearer, I began to distinguish its features. They interested me, and well they might, for they were those of the "highly respectable Mrs. Jones," whom I had employed to take care of little Arthur! She passed within two feet of me, ascended the stairs of which I have spoken, passed through the door, and locked and barred it after her. When she was gone, I explored the room from which she issued, and found the door through which she must have entered it, but like the others, it was locked. As I was slowly returning along the corridor, I heard some one again opening the door at the head of the stairs. Expecting to see Mrs. Jones again, I slipped into one of the rooms as before. It was Mrs. Jones, but she had a companion. It was Sir Charles Willoughby himself. They came towards me, and as they passed, I heard the baronet say—"One of the new servants is very inquisitive, Ratcliffe tells me. If he becomes too curious, I will serve him as I did Foster."

A blasphemous oath confirmed this declaration. I knew that Foster had been my predecessor as second footman, and it was believed he had absconded with some silver spoons. I saw Sir

Charles's face as he spoke of him ; it was the very face I would give (were I a painter) to a fiend incarnate. The two passed on, and disappeared through the door at the far end of the passage, which they locked, but not before I had seen that it opened upon a descending staircase. By-and-by Sir Charles returned alone, and passed out the same way he entered. I listened for some time, but all remained quiet, and I stole away to my own chamber.

What I had seen gave me food for thought. Mrs. Jones's presence proved to me I had blundered on the right *walnut* ; the question now was, how to crack it, and get at the kernel of the mystery which had so baffled me. The next day I was at work in the cellar, clearing out an old wine-vault. I was all alone, and could ruminate at leisure. My reflections were somewhat suddenly interrupted. I wanted to move out of my way an old beam, which had been imbedded in the wall. It was now very loose, and when I gave it a pull, it came down with a crash, and a shower of stones and dirt, making a great hole in the wall. Behind this hole was a cavity I determined to explore. I procured a light, and clambered over the rubbish into it. These cellars were beneath the old wing of the mansion, and the walls were in many places very much dilapidated. I had advanced perhaps fifty feet, when I heard a human voice. I stopped and listened! It came through the wall on the left side, where it had partially fallen down. I asked who was there. The only answer was a groan several times repeated. "Can poor little Arthur be imprisoned in that dungeon?" I said to myself. I was resolved to find out. I went back to the wine-vault, and returned with a crowbar I had been using. Half an hour's work enabled me to get through what proved to be the back wall of a vaulted chamber, some fifteen feet square. Instead of a boy, I found a man, pale, feeble and attenuated, with long matted hair and beard, and evidently insane. He was continually repeating the names of "Anna" and "Arthur," with occasionally a moan which made me shudder. As the miserable man sat on his straw pallet, gazing vacantly at me, I saw that he had little Arthur's eyes, even to their expression. While watching him, I heard a light footstep without, the door was unlocked, and Mrs. Jones entered! As she came in, I stepped behind the door, and while her back was turned, shut and locked it with the key she had left in the lock. When she saw me, she started back and screamed faintly.

"Mrs. Jones," said I, "I see you know me. I have only a word or two to say to you. Do as I tell you, and I will befriend you as far as I can ;

refuse, and you, as well as your infamous employer, shall meet with the utmost rigor of the law. I know that is Sir Arthur Willoughby, and I know his son Arthur is in these dungeons."

Before I had finished, Mrs. Jones fell on her knees, begged for mercy, and assured me she would have confessed everything long ago, if she had not been afraid Sir Charles would take her life, as he certainly would.

"You need have no fear of him," said I. "Though his insane brother and nephew cannot hold this property, the power it confers will not be his much longer. All I want you to do now is to set little Arthur at liberty, and then let us out by the back door of the old wing."

I had been speaking at random to Mrs. Jones, and taking for granted what I only guessed at, but I had hit the mark. In a few minutes Arthur was at liberty, and we brought him back to the cell where his father was, whom he had not seen for five years. He was grown, but not much changed. He did not recognize me. As I was leading him to his father, a noise at the door caused me to turn round, and as I did so, I saw the face of Sir Charles Willoughby, with every bad passion that agitates the heart of man concentrated there in one focus of horrible malignity.

"Die, traitress!" he said, and before I could advance a single step, he had plunged a dagger into the heart of Mrs. Jones. I had hardly time to draw a bowie-knife, when he sprang upon me. The fury which animated him was almost supernatural, but I was younger and a stronger man than he. I was anxious to disarm him, and I would have done so, if his fellow-scoundrel, Ratcliffe, had not appeared upon the scene, armed with a heavy club. The moment I saw this, I began to press upon my adversary with all my strength, for I now felt that it was his life, or mine. The valet aimed a tremendous blow at my head. I sprang aside and partially avoided it, while at the same instant almost, I drove my knife to the hilt in Charles Willoughby's throat. The bludgeon had descended on my shoulder, and momentarily paralyzed my left arm, but the blow was not repeated. Ratcliffe saw that his master had received the punishment due to his crimes, and immediately fled with the greatest precipitation. During the combat the insane father and son had stood within a few feet of us, and both had been plentifully sprinkled by the life-blood of brother and uncle. The excitement of both was painful to behold. I gazed at them with intense interest. Sanity and insanity hung trembling in the balance, as if a feather's weight would cause one or the other to preponderate. As they stood face to face, a dim consciousness

of each other's identity was evidently dawning upon their benighted minds, while both were struggling piteously with the mental darkness which still prevented full and perfect recognition.

A pin might have been heard to drop, as the boy whispered doubtfully, "Papa!" The spell was broken.

"Arthur—my child! my child!" shrieked the father, as he clasped his long lost boy to his heart. And both were from that moment as sound and sane as any of their race.

I will not dwell upon what remains to be told. Charles Willoughby was the victim of passions fostered and rendered ungovernable by long indulgence. He loved the bride of his elder brother, Anna Osburne, and to revenge her rejection of him, murdered her in the presence of her husband and child, both of whom became insane from the terrible shock. This happened at Naples. The murderer found means to prove the death of both, and to get his brother secretly immured at the old wing, at Walnuts. Little Arthur was first abandoned in the streets of Paris, and afterwards stolen from me, when I tried to preserve him, and taken to Walnuts also, where he was found as I have stated.

Ratcliffe was eventually caught, and with difficulty escaped the gallows. He was transported. My little Arthur still lives, and is now Sir Arthur Willoughby, and the best and truest friend I have on earth.

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm
And soft at evening; so the little flower
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous water
Close to the golden welcome of its breast—
Delighting in the touch of that which led
The showers of oceans, in whose billowy drops
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring.—*BANDON.*

HISTORY OF SIBERIA.

The government of Western Siberia has just published an official document giving an account of that country as a penal colony—with a brief sketch of its previous history. From this it appears that in the sixteenth century Siberia was inhabited by hordes of Tartar origin, and that in 1580 the celebrated Jermak, hetman of the Cossacks of the Don, invaded it at the head of 6000 men, and succeeded after several bloody battles, in taking Sibir, the chief city of the country. The hetman, finding that his resources were too limited to hold so extensive a country, ceded his conquest to Ivan IV., and Siberia has ever since formed part of the Russian empire. The first strangers who settled there were Cossacks, Strelitzes and a few gold diggers; but after a time it was selected as a place of exile for Russian state criminals. Peter the Great sent his Swedish prisoners there, and the Czarina Anne had the inhabitants of whole villages transported there for refusing to work for their lords. On the abolition of the punishment of death by Elizabeth in 1745, Siberia was regularly organized as a penal colony, and transportation thither was the punishment for all sorts of crimes. The exiled nobles were generally sent to Berezove, to work in the crown gold mines there, and the names of the first families in the empire may be seen on tombs in the cemetery of that place. In 1833 an office was established at Tobolsk, where the name of every exile and his residence were registered. In 1842 more perfect rules were laid down, according to which every tribunal in the empire regularly forwards to Tobolsk the names and offences of all persons condemned to exile, and each on his arrival was sent to the residence appointed for him. The governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St Petersburg of all the convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, 1134 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.

AN INDEPENDENT BARBER.

Of course, in every village some individuals are to be found more original than the rest. Among the worthies of this description living at Guisley, the parish clerk and barber deserves special mention, as being a man who piques himself somewhat highly upon his literary attainments; a specimen of which, illustrative of the writer's character and of his eminence in his profession, might have been seen not long ago pinned up in his window. Here is a copy:—"Notice.—That I begin of shaving on Saturdays at 5 o'clock for one half-penny till 8 o'clock. After 8 o'clock 1 penny till 9 o'clock. After 9 o'clock I shall please myself whether I shave or not. Saturday Noon from 12 to 1 o'clock, 1 half-penny. Razors cleaning up, 1 1-2 a piece. Going out to shave, one penny; out of town, 2d. Now I shall be very glad to shave any person that feels it worth their pleasure to come and pay like men, and not get shaved and never come no more when they have got one penny or 1 1-2 on. If it is not worth one penny, let your beard grow."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SPIDER'S DREAM.

BY S. F. KESSELE HAYES.

A merry black spider was weaving a web
In a corner dark and aly;
The silken meshes with anxious care
He wove with skill in silence there,
And thought, as he strengthened his cunning lair,
How many a bounding, unwary fly
Would tangle his feet, as he gilded by,
In the web, where danger is not he deems:
And the spider smiled at such cheering dreams.

The nimble spider his palace built,
As the night hours wore away,
And at length his weary task was o'er:
When, falling asleep by the open door,
He dreamed of the happy days of yore—
Of the many flies that had been his prey:
Of the bees he had caught in a sultry day,
When they sought the shade of his corner aly,
Thinking not that spiders were lurking nigh.

In dreams the spider went back again
To the scene of his childish years;
Once more he dwelt in his early home,
A pleasant spot 'neath an old church dome,
But the gay young spider wished to roam.
His brothers' prayers, his sisters' tears,
His kind old parents' warning fears,
Came back to his mind as plain as when
He bade adieu to his much-loved den.

But anon the spider trembled with fright,
For a change came o'er his dream;
He thought that darkness reigned over the earth,
That hushed were the sounds of noisy mirth;
As he lay in his web near the kitchen hearth,
He saw—though perchance it strange may seem,
It's fall as true as the rest of the dream—
Of these murdered flies, a ghostly band,
Came back again from that unknown land.

And well might the spider tremble with fear,
In his corner dark and aly;
For every unearthly, elfish sprite
Was gleaming with strange fantastic light,
That dangled the eyes of the spider bright.
At length his quivering form they spy,
And thus outspoke a goblin fly:

"Thou hast caused our death—we come for thee;
Ere the sunlight comes thou shalt dwell with me!"

The buzzing of shadowy wings had ceased,
And the spider rubbed his eyes:
When he saw through the gray of the morning's gloom
The onward sweep of the housemaid's broom;
And reading therein a fearful doom,
He wrapped himself in his winding-sheet—
The web he had wove for his victims' feet—
And fell to the floor, never more to rise:
The ghastly prey of those phantom flies.

The parent who neglects to sow in the infancy
of his children, the seeds of knowledge and vir-
tue, will ordinarily witness their graceless youth
and wretched manhood.

[ORIGINAL.]

NELL'S RETURN FROM THE BALL.

BY MRS. J. G. AUSTIN.

MARIAN, Kate and I, whose name is Ellinor, commonly contracted to Nelly, were invited this summer to spend a month with our friend and schoolmate, Susy Brandon. Sue lives with her uncle upon an island, an island all his own, too—a little emerald gem dropped beside the main land, just like a "kiss" beside the seal on an old-fashioned letter. Nor is the proprietor less unique than the island. "Uncle George," as we all called him, is a bachelor and lives alone like Robinson Crusoe, except for a female Friday or two, and the company of his niece and her friends in vacation. His life has been (so far) spent in choice society—Chancer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Herbert, varied with the Angel in the House, and Tennyson's Princess, having been his constant companions, until his whole nature has become saturated with their tender chivalry and graceful love of woman.

He can't see 'us now (if he ever did) the least bit as we really are—we are all fairies and goddesses, Florence Nightingales and Joans d'Arcs to him. It is a trying thing for a conscientious female (myself, for instance), who is thoroughly aware of her own follies, frailties and imperfections, to be watched, attended and admired, as if she were a condensation of Minerva, Diana and Venus, come down to walk the earth a little, and give poor ignorant mankind a glimpse of Olympian perfection. Nevertheless, to this painful estimate is every woman (especially should she be young and fair) who approaches Uncle George Brandon, obliged to submit. How he could admire us four girls, however, and all with equal admiration, is what I cannot understand, for surely never were four more diverse specimens of—perfection brought under one roof.

First, there's Sue, his own niece, adopted and educated by him from her childhood. Well, she's the dearest girl, and I love her, O, ever so much, but I can't help believing that she's a little, just a little commonplace. Some people say she's stupid, heavy, and I don't know what beside, but I only say she's commonplace, and love her just as much as if I didn't. Then, there's Kate—Kate, the beauty and the wit, the queen and the terror of us all—Kate, whose black eyes flash when she is angry (about once a day), that it makes you wink and catch your breath to meet them—proud Kate, passionate Kate, glorious, glowing Kate, whom I love with all my strength,

and with whom I quarrel incessantly. Next, is Marian, delicate, fair-haired, sentimental little Marian, always murmuring poetry to herself, and taking care not to wet her feet—Marian, whom we all love, and scold, and coddle from morning till night, as if she were really a baby, but yet Marian, who is quite capable, when the hour shall come, of those heroic achievements with which women of her fragile and nervous temperament have so often put to shame, not only their strongersisters, but mighty man himself.

As for myself, or rather for Nelly (I intend, with the reader's gracious permission, to retire into the third person), she is a person of whom I could tell so much, that I will say nothing, and so on with my story.

Our island—which by the way, we call Avilion, after the mystic isle where King Arthur and Queen Genevieve, with all their train of beauty and of chivalry, are waiting, waiting ever, for the hour that shall call them back to reign in Britain—our island lies in the harbor of an old seaside town, called—O dear, my treacherous memory! To think that I should forget the name of that dear old town! Well, call it Seatown, that will do well enough.

The people of Seatown understand the art of living—while they are young, they dance, sing, ride, walk, boat and go to picnics, in the most unremitting fashion. Grown older, they read Carlisle, Ruskin, Hugh Miller, and study German and talk transcendentalism, just as unremittingly—there is always something going on in the way of amusement. We girls were naturally included in the younger set, and invitations to this or that merry-making poured in as fast as we could accept them, for we seldom made up our minds to refuse, and there were marvellously few fine days on which the Seagull, with Uncle George at the helm, did not carry a merry freight to Seatown.

It is, however, an original and startling theory of my own, that too much of any luxury becomes tiresome, a mournful proof of which theory exists in the fact that we four girls, not one of us over twenty, began to talk contemptuously of amusements, to affect *blasé* and fastidious views of life, to comment with severity upon our dancing partners, and to look with scorn upon our new female acquaintances. We delighted Uncle George by discovering that the heroines of poetry were seldom represented as excelling in the *schottische*, or as attending picnic parties—we declined an invitation to a private concert, and commenced reading the Faery Queen aloud, in the arbor beneath the beech-trees.

In fact, we were fast becoming too ethereal for

this world, when on the afternoon of the Spenserian *seance*, an unexpected stumbling-block was thrown in our upward path, in the shape of a grand military and fancy ball, to be given on occasion of a visit from the True Blue Invincibles of Boston, to the Cherrycoat Corps of Seatown. Invitations to this festivity arrived in the form of four little notes politely delivered by an outward-bound fishing-party, and were—alas, for human consistency—immediately accepted, as thus:

Kate—"A fancy ball! I'll be a sultana!"

Marian—"There's room for so many romantic characters!"

Susy—"I've got a dress all ready, too!"

Nelly—"Fancy the Cherrycoat corps in their regimentals!"

The matter thus tacitly decided, all four rushed into the house, leaving the Faery Queen alone in the arbor (where she got terribly soaked that night), to tell Uncle George of the ball, and ask his opinion of our dresses and characters. Upon this ensued a long consultation, the result of which was, that all Uncle George's suggestions were dismissed as poetical and appropriate, but impracticable, and we decided upon the commonplace but easily "got up" characters of a sultana for Kate, Lucy Ashton for Marian, a flower-girl for Sue, and a gipsy fortune-teller for Nelly. The next step was to prepare the costumes, materials for which were amply furnished forth in sundry chests and boxes, which had stood undisturbed for many a long year in the garret of the old house.

The evening arrived, and suitably muffled in water-proof burnous and great shawls, with airy handkerchiefs tied over heads which scouted the possibility of catching a cold, we embarked in the Seagull, and after a pleasant but uneventful voyage, we stepped upon the pier at Seatown, in the gloaming of a summer evening.

"Now, girls," said Uncle George, who chose to return to the island, instead of attending the ball—"now, girls, enjoy yourselves more than ever you did before, and be ready for me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—it won't do to trust the tide any later than that."

"Yes, uncle," said four voices, as the sultana, the flower-girl, the gipsy and Lucy Ashton, each held out a hand, and received upon it such a kiss as Bayard might have pressed upon the hand of Anne de Bretagne.

A few minutes later, the four arrived at the house of Susy's Aunt Wilson, where the important mystery of dressing was to take place, the "bandboxes" having been despatched thither in the morning. The solemn rites having been performed, and every one having sufficiently ad-

mired herself and her companions, the party set out, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and her son, for the scene of the festivities.

Of the ball it is unnecessary to say more, than that it was like most other such occasions—very delightful to the young and pretty, who had plenty of partners and admiration, very tedious to those *side-lights* who were forced to sit the whole evening languidly contemplating the dances in which they were no longer urged to join. It was three o'clock, A. M., when four dusty-looking ghosts, in various stages of exhaustion and drowsiness, stepped from the door of Assembly Hall into the pale light of a waning moon.

"Nelly," whispered Kate, "it would be much pleasanter to sleep at Avilion to-night, than in Mrs. Wilson's spare chamber."

"Decidedly, ma belle. Let us go."

"But how are we to get there?" asked the *salana*, a little fretfully.

"We'll manage it, Marian dear. How romantic the harbor would look in this wierd moonlight!"

"O charming! Can't we go down to-night?" asked the little one, snapping at the bait.

"And be home to breakfast with Uncle George, Sue," added Nelly, suggestively.

"Yea, he would be very much pleased—I wish we could—but how can we go?" asked Sue, looking at her cousin John.

"If you really wished for a sail," began the young man, his mind evidently between the duties of hospitality, and the duty of making himself agreeable.

"We really do," exclaimed Kate and Nelly.

"I could easily find a boat—"

"Nonsense, John," interposed his mother, "it is folly to talk of such a thing. The young ladies need a sound sleep and a warm breakfast, more than they do moonshine and romance."

"I really think, Aunt Wilson," said Sue, quietly, "that we had better go, if Cousin John will take us down. I had much rather do so if the girls feel able, for I know how much Uncle George depends on a cheerful breakfast-table, and we are going back to school next week."

"And the moonlight on those great black rocks off Light-house Point," murmured Marian.

"I, for one, have no sort of desire to go to sleep," remarked Kate.

"And we are 'wilful maids' that 'maun hae our way,' so please, Mrs. Wilson, say we may go," concluded Nelly. And the good lady, withdrawing her opposition, the party only returned to the house for their wraps, and then were escorted by Mr. Wilson to the boat which he had engaged while they were tying their bonnets.

"The tide's a'most out—dunno but we shall git grounded on some o' them flats 'twixt here and the isling," growled our boatman, as he pushed off and took to his oars, for there was hardly the ghost of a breeze.

"You know the channel well, eh, Thomson?" asked Mr. Wilson, a little anxiously.

"Pooty well—but you see I most alluz goes out with my brother, an' he sails the craft, whilst I hauls the pots."

"Haul the pots?" half-asked Marian.

"Yis'm, the lobster-pots. Jim and I are lobsterers."

"O!" replied the young lady, vacantly, and the conversation dropped into silence.

The little boat, meantime, urged on with sail and oars, made her way steadily along, scraping now and then the crest of some submerged rock, or tangling in the long seaweed of the flats, until more than half the distance was overpast, and most of the party, lulled by the monotonous dip of the oars, had lapsed into silence, meditation, and sleep. All at once, the keel grated more viciously and decidedly than ever upon some obstacle, paused a moment, as if in consideration, and finally settled calmly down, evidently decided to remain where it was, for some hours at least. In vain Ben Thomson, rising to his feet, and fixing the blade of his oar in the sand, tried to push off—in vain, springing into the water, and placing his sturdy shoulder to the bows, did he essay to shove off. The boat was fast, and the tide rapidly deserting her.

"Taint no use—'taint nary bit o' use," growled the lobsterer, at last, hoisting himself into the boat, and throwing himself down on the bottom, in a wet, surly heap. "We're here, and here we've got to stay, till the tide floats us off," he added, by way of consolation.

"And when will that be?" asked Mr. Wilson, testily.

"'Bout four o'clock now, aint it? Well, I reckon we'll get off by nine," replied the man, coolly.

"Five hours! Too bad, by Jupiter! And what in the world did you get on here for?" asked Mr. Wilson, now quite angry.

"Waal, capting," returned Ben, growing all the cooler and more deliberate, as the other became hot and vivacious. "I dunno as I had any pertikler objec' in comin' here, an' I dunno as it's any pertikler advantage to me to be here—more'n all that, I'm a goin' to get off jist as soon's ever I ken, an' till I ken, I'm goin' asleep."

With which declaration of independence, Ben Thomson coiled himself up on a pile of bags, rope, etc., in the bows of the boat, and in a very

few minutes was actually fast asleep. The rest of the party, after a few pettish exclamations, subsided into weary silence, and finally into slumber, with the exception of Marian, who, poor child, was too thoroughly uncomfortable to sleep, and Nelly, who was revolving a somewhat daring project.

"O dear, how chilly I feel," murmured little Marian, looking white and ghostly in the dim light of early dawn.

"Take my shawl, pet," whispered Nelly, drawing it off, and wrapping it around the drooping form beside her.

"But you need it as much as I—good gracious, what are you going to do?" exclaimed she, with unvented animation, for Nelly, now standing up, was, with the aid of sundry pins, "killing her coats" in a rapid and decided manner.

"Marry, will you lend me your rubber boots? I am going to walk ashore," said she, quietly.

"Going to—what! Are you crazy?"

"Not a bit, love, but I'm tired to death of this business. You see that we are stranded on the point of a long spit of sand, which I make no doubt joins the island at the other end—at any rate, I'm going to see whether it's so or not. The tide is not quite dead low yet, so I have plenty of time before it rises. Don't look so frightened, little one, but give me a kiss and the boots."

"You can't—you shan't go. I'll wake Mr. Wilson and the boatman to stop you—"

"Marian, if you do, I'll be very angry indeed with you," said Nelly, as sternly as she knew how. And Marian said no more but pulled off her boots with a little submissive sob that went straight to Nelly's heart.

"Marry, you're a little darling—give me two kisses directly. There, now take the shawl—my sack and the exercise will keep me warm. Good-by—take a good nap, and don't worry about me. I shall get ashore safe, and will have some hot coffee ready for you at ten o'clock."

Then, without waiting for further opposition, this obstinate young woman stepped over the low gunwale of the boat, and walked briskly away. A dense fog which had been for some time rolling in from seaward, soon shut out the boat, as it had long concealed the island, and Nelly looking about her at the dreary scene, felt as if she were the "last man" left alive at the end of all things else, and traversing in his desolation the uncovered ocean bed, bared by the terror-stricken waters, as they curled away in dread from that last great conflagration. The path proved more difficult than she had expected; the firm, white sand upon which she had started,

giving place after a little, to grassy sand, interspersed with black rocks, to which clung the snaky seaweed, as if it had drowned there, and never relaxed its death-grip. Slimy objects slipped from under her feet, and crawled with awkward motion toward the water, as if unwilling to display their ugliness to mortal eyes. Sticks and branches of dead trees, lying black and water-soaked upon the sand, looked like great serpents waiting to twine about and devour her. Out of the fog loomed unearthly shapes of sea-monsters, and nameless horrors.

Nelly stopped and looked about her. The scene was not cheerful or encouraging, more especially as since she had lost sight of boat and shore, the flat had become so wide and irregular in shape that she grew uncertain whether she was traversing it lengthway or breadthway. Finally, however, deciding on her course, she essayed to go on, but to her astonishment, found that during the brief pause, her feet had become so firmly imbedded in the sand that she could not withdraw them. She tried again and again. Horror! She not only failed to extricate herself, but was perceptibly sinking deeper. Suddenly it flashed across Nelly's mind that she had heard Uncle George speak of a dangerous quicksand in the vicinity of the island, and that this was it.

"I shall die here," she murmured, and then, with a hysterical laugh, added—"It ought to have been Marian, in her dress of Lucy Ashton. It would remind her of Ravenswood, and the Kelpie's Flow."

Deeper and deeper sank her feet—the sand closed about her ankles, and Nelly, after struggling till she was exhausted, sank upon the oozy bank and tried to resign herself to death—death at nineteen—death in a horrible, torturing form, which would not yield her poor body to the last tender offices of those who loved her! She thought of her far-off home, of brothers and sisters waiting for her there—she thought of her mother, and the strong anguish that would smite her down, when she should hear of the terrible and mysterious fate of her eldest born. With a low cry of anguish, a wild, wordless appeal to Heaven for help, she raised herself and glanced eagerly around, ready to catch at any, the feeblest hope of rescue.

A few feet behind her, as she had already noticed, rose the sharp, black point of a submerged rock, which, rooted far below the grasping quicksand, defied its engulfing power. The rock itself, so sharp and slimy, could afford at the best but a moment's foothold, and Nelly had merely glanced at it, without hope of finding it useful in her extremity. Now, however, she noticed that

crossing its crest, and upheld by it, was a small object, black like the rock, which she at first took for a snake, then for a stick, and finally recognized as a rope. A rope! How came it there? To what were its ends affixed? Could it help her in the mortal struggle for life, which with the slightest aid, she felt herself able to undertake? These questions flashed through Nelly's mind in the first dizzy instant of awakened hope—and the revulsion of feeling turned her so sick and faint that she dreaded lest becoming insensible, her hope should be stolen from her, without her having power even to struggle for its fulfilment. But Nelly was strong—strong in will and strong in frame, and in another moment her heart recovered its pulsations, her eyes their sight, and her muscles their power;—throwing herself forward on the sand, she found that the rope (much longer than she at first thought) was just within her grasp, and seizing it firmly, she commenced pulling it steadily toward her. It was not, as she had feared might be the case, sunk deeply into the sand—the pinnacle of rock supporting it at one point, and some as yet unknown power at another, the tension had been too great to allow of this, and with a thrill of joy, Nelly found, after gathering it toward her for a few moments, that she was opposed by a strength greater than her own, and that the cable remained taut.

"Now, then, for the fight," muttered Nelly, as twisting the rope about her arms, and grasping it firmly as far out as she could reach, she began to pull, slowly and steadily at first, then strongly and eagerly, finally fiercely, passionately, despairingly. Not till then could she perceive any effect, but at the last moment, just as with a sob of anguish, she was about to sink back and give over the struggle, she felt that her feet were moving—moving slowly! With new strength she redoubled her efforts—yes, she was succeeding—she was saved—she should tread God's earth and kiss her mother's lips once more!

Struggling on and up, unheeding of muscles strained and wrenched as on the rack, unheeding torn and bleeding hands, she persevered, and overcame, until she stood, chamois-like, upon the pointed rock, gasping for breath, and peering eagerly through the fog in the direction where the cable disappearing, seemed to intimate lay her safest path. But like most of the world, Nelly found that she must be content to hold the clue to her future course without hoping to see its termination, and after a moment's hesitation, she dropped the cable, and springing forward with long, light steps, barely touching the sand with the points of her stockinged feet (for Mari-

en's boots had been retainted as black-mail by the Kelpie under the Flow), she flew on without pausing even to breathe, until looming through the mist, she suddenly perceived the bows of a large schooner, which lay placidly in the channel, unconscious that she had dropped her anchor in a quicksand, and that the arms of her jolly mariners would need to put forth their utmost vigor, before they should heave it up again.

Beyond this, the sand was firm, except for the sponginess caused by the now flowing tide, which rose so fast, that as Nelly stepped upon the shore of welcome Avilion and looked back upon her path, she saw that her last footsteps were each a little well of brine.

Dragging herself up to the house, the exhausted adventurer stole round to the back door, intending to gain her own bedroom unperceived, but in turning the corner of the house, she encountered Uncle George, who stood looking at the rising sun, which was driving the fog before him in many a gorgeous wave of light.

"Look, child!" said he, without turning, and forgetting in his enthusiasm that his "pets," as he called them, were or should have been far away.

"'God made himself an awful rose, of dawn.'

"See it! Don't you see how like the petals of a rose those edges of the mist show, where they are shivered by the light?"

"Yes, sir—'very like a whale,'" murmured Nelly, faintly, and gliding quietly toward the door.

"Very like a—" commenced Uncle George, wheeling round indignantly; but the drooping, bedraggled figure before him moved a deeper spring of that great heart, than nature's beauty or poet's art.

"St. George Germain! Why, Nelly! Little Nell! Where under the sun did you come from! and all wet and tired out, too! Speak, child—there, there, darling, don't cry! God bless my soul, don't cry, little one! You'll break my heart, if you cry so!"

Moved by the real dismay of the kind voice, Nelly presently consented to forego the feminine relief of tears, and breaking into a laugh which answered almost as well, she sat down on the doorstep and briefly narrated her adventures, while Uncle George strode impatiently up and down before her, pulling his beard, and muttering at intervals:

"O, good gracious! St. George Germain! Just hear her—only just hear her! Poor little lamb," etc.

Long before the conclusion, he suddenly

swooped upon the startled Nelly, carried her into the house, laid her upon a sofa, buried her in shawls and blankets, forced her to drink two great glasses of wine, and then pressing a paternal kiss upon her forehead, said hurriedly:

"I'm going off in a dory, to paddle the other girls ashore—they mustn't stay there till ten o'clock—and after I come back, little Nell, I'm going to ask you—to ask you to marry me—to marry the old man who never knew how bad he could feel till this morning."

"To—marry—you! Uncle George—" began Nelly, springing off the sofa; but he was gone, and ten minutes after, she could see his stately figure standing upright in the tiny boat, which he was propelling with swift, steady motion up the long, winding channel.

An hour later, he returned with three shivering girls as freight, rather an overload for his cockle-shell of a boat, but as he characteristically observed, "he'd rather walk and push the boat before him, than leave one behind."

Before they reached the house, Nelly was safe in her own chamber, in bed, and—asleep.

Before night, Uncle George had deliberately fulfilled his hasty threat; but whether Nelly replied, and whether she said yes or no—well, really—I forget.

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book written by me when I was a boy. The thick up strokes, the crooked down strokes, the awkward joining of letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.—*Thoughts of a Teacher.*

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.—Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

GLUTTONY.

The rich man's mode of living is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines, are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see; you take at a dinner-party soup; a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, an oyster pate, or a sweet-bread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly, and French beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or Sauterne are added; a wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds, then you at once sit at ease and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liquor; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret, fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now put all these things together in a bowl instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life.—*Dr. Carlyon.*

"LET ME BE A LITTLE BOY."

"O, Johnny," cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head. Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud whisper, "Get up, whoa!" But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hand on his breast, said with a long breath:

"O, mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in. Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady.

"O, then, mother dear," cried Johnny in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in this petition. Please, mothers, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have free and happy childhood; that when your heads are low in the grave, they may point back to these days, and say, "We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."—*Mother's Journal.*

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufactories of life have stopped forever; the human system has run down at last; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead in the heart, but because there is not a tear drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.—*Dr. Hall.*